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### Knothole December 5, 1990 Vol 43 No 12

SUNY College of Environmental Science and Forestry

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# THE KNOTHOLE

S.U.N.Y. COLLEGE OF ENVIRONMENTAL SCIENCE AND FORESTRY

December 5, 1990

Vol. 43 No. 12

## Mzorek awarded NWF Fellowship

Carl Mrozek, ESF graduate student, has been awarded one of seven 1990-1991 Environmental Conservation Fellowships from the National Wildlife Federation. His topic encompasses "Conservation Challenges in the Coastal Zone of Yucatan: A Documentary Video."

The new fellows, selected from a field of more than 50 graduate students, will each receive up to \$10,000 to conduct research in wildlife, natural resource management, environmental education, and protection of environmental quality. The Dorothy Chancellor Fund provides additional support.

"Since the fellowship program began in 1956, the National Wildlife Federation has recognized more than 780 students who have shown a professional commitment to a better environment for future generations," said Maurice N. LeFranc, Jr., director of NWF's Institute for Wildlife Research.

"We are proud to assist this new crop of exceptional students whose projects will contribute to our understanding and management of natural resources."

The National Wildlife Federation is the nation's largest conservation organization, with 5.8 million members and supporters and 51 affiliate organizations nationwide. A private, not-for-profit organization, the Federation was founded in 1936.

## Mid-Year Tuition Increase? Very likely.

- Heather Engelman

As leaders of State Government search for ways to resolve a budget imbalance of nearly \$1 billion for the current fiscal year, and perhaps \$3 billion for the next, it does not seem possible for the State University System, including ESF, to remain immune from these problems.

ESF President Ross Whaley and SUNY have identified the maintenance of academic program integrity as the number one priority in making necessary budget cuts. "However, this decision means that SUNY must consider revenue increases and the Board of Trustees has directed Chancellor D. Bruce Johnstone to pursue discussions of a mid-year tuition increase with the Legislature and Executive staff" says Whaley.

Johnstone has stated "I pledged to resist any additional general fees for the next academic semester, although I said explicitly that I would not alter any plans for parking, health or other true user fees. The tuition bills that will be mailed in early December will probably not reflect any change in tuition. However, students should be prepared to receive an explanatory letter and a supplementary bill for a tuition increase during the Spring 1991 semester. The Administration is not at a point to determine what amount the increase will be - Mr. Nick Paradiso, Vice President for Administration, estimates \$100 or \$150 per semester. Students will be alerted as soon as final decisions are reached.

"If tuition increases are approved,

I am advised that students currently eligible for financial aid will have an opportunity to adjust their aid packages. You should also know that Governor Cuomo has already proposed a \$100 reduction in TAP awards, Regents scholarships, and Empire scholarships for the Spring 1991 semester for all students except those [in the lowest income bracket] receiving the maximum award. This proposal will require approval by the State Legislature" adds Whaley.

Revenue generated by such measures would be used to help diminish continued cuts such as retrenchment and non-renewal of faculty and staff, cancellation of planned equipment purchase, and program reductions.

## WARNING:

There are 2 SU basketball games on the same night as the Soiree (Friday, December 7). Public Safety has generously agreed to open the back gate on Stadium Place (behind Baker Lab) from 6:00pm to 7:30pm.

Please follow the parking policy:  
-show ESF parking sticker and/or ID

-guests may pick up parking passes directly following Convocation. There will be parking on campus; however, it will be limited so please carpool if possible.

For those arriving at other times, as members of the ESF community you are allowed to enter campus from either of the other gates.

However, it is **very strongly** recommended that you enter campus on the Dome side from East Raynor Ave. (That block of Irving Ave. is closed to traffic.)



**Editor** Heather Engelman

**Treasurer** Tracy A. Liesche

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## Policy/Deadline

The Knothole is the student publication of the State University of New York College of Environmental Science and Forestry. It is published every Wednesday during the school year. **The deadline for submitting pieces for publication is Wednesday, 4:00pm of the week before they are to appear.** Letters to the Editors will not be printed unless they are signed. Articles must also contain the writers name (names will be withheld upon request). The opinions expressed are those of the writer only and do not necessarily reflect the opinions of the paper's staff or anyone else affiliated with the College. We strongly encourage any counterinterviews, articles, notices, suggestions, and new staff members. The Knothole staff meets in Room 22 in the basement of Bray Wednesdays at 5. Phone: 470-6892.

## Editor's Page

### Thank you....

Student Council for having the courtesy to stand by a very recent decision to hold the cap on their own refreshment budget, as they require all other organizations to do.

What the hell is this person talking about, you ask?!!! Well, let us share with you the history behind this. Sometime ago, USA had their very own little refreshment budget, \$100; this paid for munchies at general meetings, exec meetings, council meetings, and special-event-type stuff (i.e. leadership conferences). Then, lo and behold, Council grew up a bit, and the non-meeting times found their own niches in the budget called "line items". However, Council kept the \$100 as, we seem to recall, something about "every member of the student body can come to these meetings". (Kind of ignoring the fact that any student is also more than welcome in every recognized or authorized club or organization that meets on campus.)

A few students asked about this and, well, demanded to know why was Council getting preferential treatment. I.E. How could council, who had the job of seeing that STUDENT activity fee monies were used responsibly, give themselves little rewards (We believe the students' words here were "self serving").

Newly elected Council members (that includes most current officers and senior reps, and assorted other people) chose by a fair margin to bring the refreshment budget line item down to \$35 (the cap assigned to all authorized organizations), and to prohibit any organization from increasing these monies from Special Projects, or any other line item (pins and tassels is the specific other item that comes to mind).

Monday night, this was rehashed when a motion was made to reallocate \$25 from the Fall Barbeque money to the Council Refreshment line item to supplement the funds for a Holiday Party (previously called The Christmas Party) held instead of next Monday's meeting.

We are relieved to find that this motion was not passed, but are greatly disturbed at the vote: 8 for, 7 opposed, and 7 abstained. It seems that a precedent (which, by the way, we heartily support) has already been set; this is a big, big no no. It worries us to find that our representatives memories are so short-lived and short-sighted.

### On another note....

In a nifty new box on our office door (22 Bray) you can find 3 disks labelled Knothole's disk 1 - 3. These may be taken to Baker, or anyplace with Macs, for use. *Please* use them only for documents and return them promptly to the Knothole mail envelope right next to the box. Their use will give you until Friday (rather than Wednesday the normal deadline) for turning in your articles, announcements, letters, etc.

For those still interested in the 'we drop it off, you type it in' method, we would love to hear from you in our office (22 Bray), the box in Moon Library Foyer or the student mailboxes in Marshall Basement.



## Plastic Trees

To Editor:

We love deer. We love ducks.  
We love woods. But how can  
they put a plastic Xmas tree on  
this campus.

Mark Majewsky  
Jon Raymond  
Tony Woods

*Editor's Note: Mr. Majewsky,  
Mr. Raymond, and Mr. Woods  
are referring to the small Christ-  
mas tree that is usually dis-  
played near the Moon Library  
Circulation Desk.*

## Return of an ESF Tradition

by Brian Dristle

November 30, 1990 marked the return of the Student vs. Faculty basketball game. This tradition from years past has been resurrected by Dr. Fran Webster. This game was played in memory of the late Dr. Gerry Lanier, who was an expert on Dutch elm disease and was also an avid basketball player.

The game, played before a capacity crowd in the Women's Building, had two forty-five minute halves and much substitution, due to the large number of players. The faculty took an early lead and never looked back en route to victory. The play of the faculty was

just plain old fashioned fundamental basketball. The student team lacked "chemistry", but played with much enthusiasm. Unfortunately, this was not nearly enough.

At the T.G.W.W. (Thank God We Won), the faculty team was presented the first *Scolytus* cup, named after the genus of the beetle that transfers Dutch elm disease. Dr. Bill Tully was named MVP (Most Valuable Player) and received a prestigious ESF mug.

A good time was had by all who played and attended. Hopefully, this ESF tradition will not fall by the wayside again.

## Building a Movement for Labor and Environmental Justice

by Tamara Steger and Heather Engelman

Approximately three hundred people (including Marie O'Brien, a nationally known pesticide expert on the Northwest coalition for Alternative Pesticides) from all over the country gathered on the ESF campus to attend the Nov. 16 - 18, Second Statewide Labor and Environment Conference.

Clean environment or good jobs?  
"We want both," says Gary Michael of the Conference Planning Committee and Don't Waste New York. The conference was formulated to bring together these very specific questions and goals, and come up with a plan of action.

Frank Johnson of Injured Workers of New York shared his concerns of indoor air pollution, chemical exposure, and toxic substances in the workplace. In his view, industry and environmental advocates are going to have to work together, and education must be improved.

Benny Vasquez, Toxic Avengers, and Fred Chandler, Kids Against Pollution, both came to speak on behalf of their youthful organizations. Both are relatively

new in the battle against pollution. The young age of these presenters reinforced Frank Johnson's previous emphasis on education. Toxic Avengers origin from a community center environmental science class closely parallel's K.A.P.'s birth from a fifth grade current events homework assignment. Vasquez is quite confident that their strategies will bring the Toxic Avengers to their goal.

When asked what brought them to this conference, participants were willing to share. Michael Heiman, Citizens Environmental Coalition, is a former ESF faculty member. He countered the questions with his own: "Where is the faculty of ESF? Why aren't they here?" Resa Dimino, Environmental Action, stated that "We need to learn to build coalitions between environmentalists and labor and learn about it and put this [coalition] into fact."

Other issues included: Great Lakes and water; populations; safety and health; reduce, reuse, and recycle; pesticides and pest management; global warming; and utilizing the media to bring attention to them.

### Strategy for Organizational Success

adapted from Benny Vasquez, Toxic Avengers, and Karen Stolts, Youth Action

1. Gather a group of friends, peers.
2. Find a base, a place to be reached.
3. Set meeting days, decide what steps to take.
4. Set goals and objectives.
5. Set time line/target dates.
6. Set up a governing body, remembering that a leader's job is really to no to do all the work, but to make sure it gets done.
7. HAVE FUN.

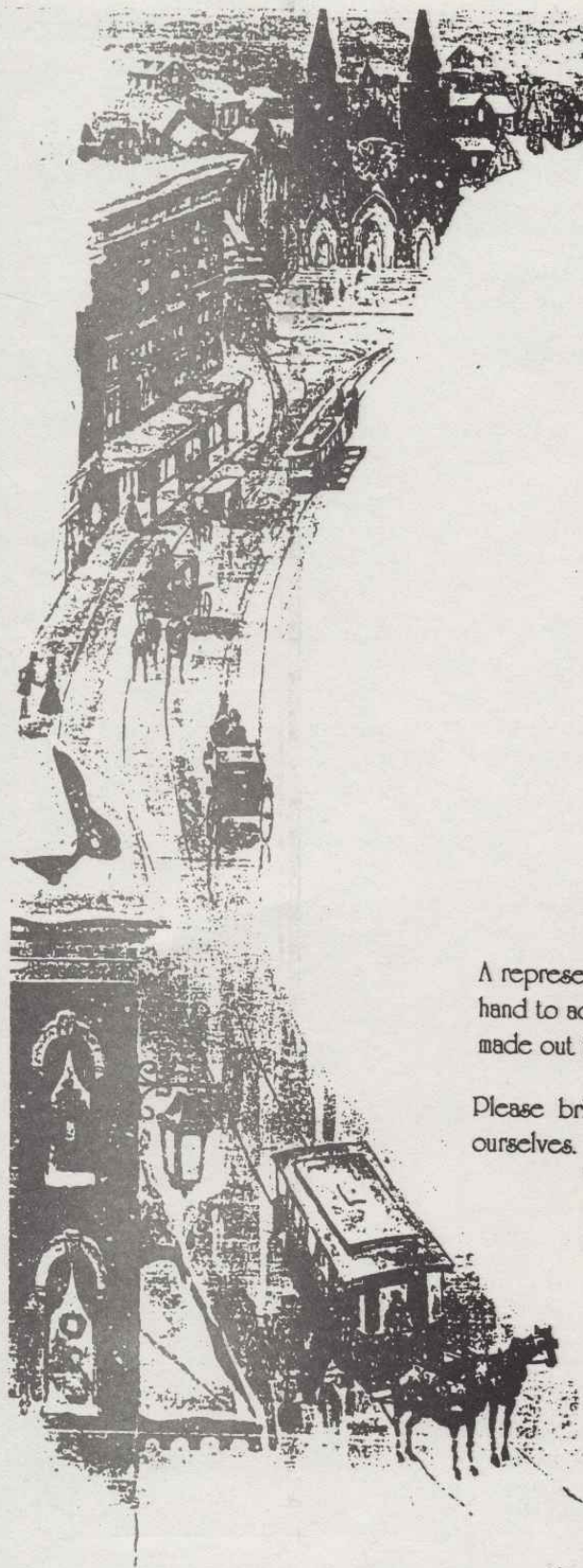
## COLLEGE BOWL

The Varsity Sport of the Mind is coming to this campus.

Start planning for next February 12 and 13, get your team together!

College Bowl is sponsored by Alpha Xi Sigma, the Honor Society.





COME TO THE  
CELEBRATION OF SHARING  
HOLIDAY SOCIAL

Friday, December 14, 1990

3 to 4:30 p.m.

Marshall Hall Lounge

Refreshments / Music  
And  
An Opportunity to Share

A representative of the Interreligious Food Consortium will be on hand to accept donations of non-perishable food items or checks made out to the Interreligious Food Consortium.

Please bring a contribution to help those less fortunate than ourselves.

Faculty, Staff, and Students Invited

Sponsored by the Quality of Worklife Committee

## IMPORTANT WOODSMEN'S TEAM BULLETIN

Have you seen any of the following E.S.F. Students around campus?

### THEY ARE

- Keith Parr  
Kevin Ransom  
Jay Westfall  
A: Bob Wood  
Brett Chedzoy  
Tony Panzarella  
Chris Keim  
Mike Huneke  
Sean Meegan  
Scott Gilbert  
B: Dan Zigas  
Daryl Jarabek  
Gene Herskovics  
Steve Kelly  
Peg Pasek  
Lori Church  
Kelly Clum  
C: Deb Cappuccitti  
Chris LeRocca  
Melissa Brody  
Micki Bailey

### WANTED FOR:

*Chainsaw, horizontal chop  
fire build, vertical chop  
Pole climb, horizontal chop  
triathlon, axethrow, splitting  
Vertical chop, pulp for distance  
chain throw, splitting  
superior photojournalism  
Fire build, vertical chop  
chainsaw, splitting  
chain throw, pole climb, splitting  
pulp for distance, horizontal chop  
horizontal chop, triathlon  
vertical chop, axethrow  
exceptional team support  
pole climb, vertical chop  
pulp for distance, axethrow, horizontal chop  
horizontal chop, chain throw  
triathlon, vertical chop  
chainsaw, splitting  
fire build, splitting  
great camera work*

If you have seen any of these stumpies, be advised: They are SUPERIOR WOODSMEN and WOODSWOMEN and should be approached with CONGRATULATIONS!!!

On Friday, November 9, 1990, the ESF Woodsmen's Team left Syracuse: 3 vans, 21 competitors, bound for Lindsay, Ontario, Canada...Bound for GLORY!

The competition began at 8 am Saturday morning, with 34 individual teams, representing 15 universities from the Northeast and Canada. They came from as far South as West Virginia and as far north as New Brunswick and Nova Scotia.

The ESF A TEAM finished 2nd out of 34 teams in all, with consistently high scoring in all events (mostly 2nd and 3rd places) and a first place by Keith in chainsaw (Foorah!). They were just edged out of first place by a few points, in a tough competition with the top Canadian colleges. Top scores were

handed down in team cross cut, fire build (Kevin), horizontal chop (Keith and Jay), pole climb (Jay) and triathlon (Woody). The team racked up 1070 point besting the 3rd place team by more than 25 points! Way to go A TEAM GREEN! [#1]

The ESF B TEAM also made a great showing against the Canadians, placing 11th out of the 34 teams, and 4th out of all the "B" Teams. The B Guys even bested ESF A in a few events, finishing strong in team Packboard Relay, quarter split (Scott, Sean), fire build (Mike), pole climb (Scott) and the grueling triathlon event (Daryl). The ESF B Team finished strong, beating at least 7 other A teams and bringing in some serious points for ESF! Way to go guys!

The ESF Women's Team finished a close third to the two toughest Canadian ladies' teams. They were edged out of 1st place by only 18 points, with the next closest finishers 65 points behind them! The ladies also gave the ESF Men's teams a run for their money in overall points,

outchopping and chainsawing the B Team (Peg+Deb, Lori+Kelly, +Chris). The women came through strong, besting both ESF men's teams in team pulp, chain throw (Kelly) and pulp for distance (Lori).

First places were handed down in Team Cross-cut, Pole Climb (Peg) and Pulp for Distance (Lori), placing the women 16th overall among the 34 men's and women's teams! Way to go TEAM GREEN LA-DIES!

The day went smoothly, with the Molson sponsor's van crankin' out the tunes across the competition field. TEAM GREEN put in an overall performance that has put a serious scare into any team that used to think we were a pushover! Great JOB Everyone!

ESF TEAM GREEN is ready to go back up North to Montreal in January to reaffirm the Canadian Teams' worst suspicions: ESF is the Team to Beat!

Way to Win TEAM GREEN!!!

## ANNUAL KPD X-MAS TREE SALE

Now in stock!  
A large assortment of  
4' - 8' Norway spruce  
and Douglas-fir.

STOP DOWN TO  
200 WALNUT PL.  
AND ASK ABOUT OUR  
STUDENT DISCOUNT.

Look at, smell, feel,  
and take home a tree  
(but please don't feed them).

Just ring the front door  
for service at  
any reasonable hour.



## GSA Update

So, what is the news on the rising cost of education? As is no doubt reported elsewhere in this issue, it looks likely that tuition charges will increase next semester. I know with changes in tuition waivers, the new student services fee, and now possibly tuition increases, it feels like students are being asked to bear all the costs of our state budget problems. That is not the case. We, unfortunately, will be seeing cuts in many areas of the university. Everyone will end up paying. The GSA is particularly interested in making this payment as equitable as possible. With this in mind, we are still pushing for the extension of tuition waivers to all TAs and RAs for this Fall semester. We are also developing a policy to determine who should not pay student activity fees (ie those people who are not on campus). I hope that by the time this *Knothole* goes to press, we may have new information about tuition waivers.

I would like to express my appreciation to Nick Paradiso and Jim Heffernan for informing us of the upcoming budget changes. It helps us all to be as informed as possible, as soon as possible.

The GSA is considering a change in our policy regarding support for graduate students who attend and present papers at conferences. Currently any grad student can receive \$25.00 once per academic year. We welcome your comments and suggestions.

Our next meeting has been rescheduled to Wednesday, December 12, at 12 noon in 229 Bray. All of you who have been missing meetings because of Tuesday classes, please join us. Dean Frey will be present to discuss graduate student concerns.

Win Everham, GSA President

## Society of American Foresters, student chapter

Minutes of the SAF meeting 11/27

The Student Assembly was passed by SAF on November 14 and the officers will be nominated at the 1991 SAF Convention.

The bylaws of our student chapter have been passed unanimously. The student chapter award is coming up soon and we will be organizing a committee to prepare for this. Council elections were held at the meeting. The results:

Vice Chairman - Scott Berretta  
Council - Andy Bartholomay, Brian Dristle, Mark Majewsky, Tony

### Forestry Club / Woodsmen's Team **Firewood Raffle**

We had our wood raffle drawing on Monday November 26th and we have three winners! Congratulations and one face cord of split hardwood go to:

Dan Zigas  
Ed Jarabek  
Penny Weiman

The team thinks everyone who bought a ticket and who helped support our efforts.

Remember: It's never too late to join **TEAM GREEN!** Stop a member in the halls or stop up at our prac-

Howdy Pilgrims,

Popeye gave this bunny-hugger a chance to open his mouth, so, of course, I jumped at the chance this week. First, I'd like to apologize to the clubs for not researching ESF's alcohol policy in advance of planning the party. (Which, of course, never happened). However, we will try to arrange something feasible this spring.

After a lot of talk and bragging about "Reeking Havoc", only Mildew and Puff proved they were true killers and brought down brown. Toto, however, is fastly gaining ground.

The Christmas trees are in and we

Woods.

Next Tuesday, December 4th from 10:30 - 2:00 in Marshall Hall, there will be an Executive Committee of the State Chapter of SAF meeting. Topics for discussion include: The budget for the state society, state SAF elections, SAF student mentor program where regular members sponsor a student for 1 year. The next meeting will be next semester on January 8, 1991 (which is also the first day of classes).

Shelley Wrzochalski  
Secretary

tices at Lafayette Field Station.

Practice days are: MON - 7 pm - 9 pm, THURS - 7 pm - 9 pm, SAT - 9 am - 12 pm.

\*Stop up to the old greenhouse by Bray Hall 15 minutes before practice times to catch a ride.

We don't just cut wood - we're having a lot of fun, traveling, competing, and taking pride in keeping old traditions and skills alive! Once you take part in the tradition, you'll find that you become the tradition.

Team Green!

## KΦΔ News

have a large assortment of Norway spruce and Douglas-fir of varying sizes. Please stop at 200 Walnut Place (on the park) and ask about our student discount.

Lastly, I'd like to congratulate 2nd floor for pounding on 3rd floor once again in the Turkey Bowl. Also, I'd like to thank the rest of the turkeys who had any doubt as to who is the champ in pool in the house. Especially though, I'd really like to thank the lovely ladies of GDT for an excellent Thanksgiving dinner. (my "inner tube" just wished you hadn't baked so many pies!) Until whenever, peace, love and YABBA!

Guest P.R. and H.S.I.C., Grizz



## The Squirrel

Anthony I. Cognato

Little Squirrel who hit thee ?  
Dost thou know who killed thee ?  
Brought thee death & broke thy spine,  
In the street 'tween the lines;  
Tore thy fur with strong might,  
Grayish fur a bloody sight;  
Gave thee thread marks on thy back,  
Making my stomach seize and yak !

Little Squirrel I'll tell thee !

Little Squirrel I'll tell thee !

For he is called man,  
And he drives a van;  
It is welded and he is wild,  
Combined they could kill a child;  
Thou art a squirrel not a human,  
So no one gives a damn.

Little Squirrel stay in trees.

Little Squirrel I beg you please.

Copyright 1990, Anthony I. Cognato

### ATTENTION: Dance Ticket Holders

for the December Soiree:

Remember  
that the dance portion  
of the Soiree  
does not begin until **9:30 p.m.**

Also, please enter  
through the front entrance  
of Marshall Hall.

Thank you, and see you there!

## USA Update

- Prof. James Coufal, department of Forestry spoke about his experiences at the Ranger School, Main Campus, and much more.
- Heated debate about whether Council should be allowed to reallocate money to increase their refreshment budget, since, after all, they don't allow any other organization using student fee monies to do the same.
- Holiday party next week, anybody coming by welcome to stop in. Please note that since above motion failed, there isn't going to be a whole lot.

## TURTLE ISLAND

by Robin Wildlands

### Chapter 2 Cicero Swamp: The Conclusion

Last week we found Robin sitting in a tree at the State Game Management Area known as Cicero Swamp. He had traveled some 3,000 miles from California to New York only to find that wilderness was once again threatened by man. The home of the endangered Eastern Massasauga Rattlesnake was soon to be transformed into a biological desert by a man named Jeffery Dontflow and his insect killing agent Dibrom-14. Let's pick up where we left off last week, with Robin reflecting on events that occurred at Cicero Swamp.

Clearly something had to be done...

I soon found myself gazing out over 8,000 acres of undeveloped wetlands from the branches of an old Red Maple. As I watched Pitcher plants snap on unsuspecting insects, a pygmy rattlesnake passed over a bed of Sphagnum moss. I cheered its presence and vowed to stand up for all the inhabitants of the domain regardless of the consequences.

Cattails swayed in the gentle breeze as memories of Ned Ludd, the Neanderthal eco-warrior from 100,000 years B.C. drifted into my thoughts. I chuckled to myself as I remembered his ape-like gait. His massive upper body would sway from side to side with each advancing step, balanced only by the wooden club and large monkey wrench which he carried at his side.

A fly of some sort buzzed past my ear and awoke me from my trance. "Ned," I whispered as I fanned the air with my hand in a feeble attempt to get rid of the pest. "Where are you when I need you?"

I raised a pair of binoculars to my eyes and scanned the horizon for any sign of an intruder. The sun was setting in the evening sky of the Ontario lakeplain. Brilliant reds and purples highlighted the heavens like those from an artist's paintbrush.

Suddenly, as if from nowhere, a speck became visible upon the unblemished backdrop of the dominion. It appeared off in the distance yet I could tell as it moved effortlessly across the sky that its destination was for the swamp. My heart began to thump within my chest. I could hear it pounding in my ears and feel its blood race through my veins. My hands began to shake to such a degree that I could no longer view through the binoculars. I allowed them to drop to my chest.

I turned and looked down upon the wetlands. The day of reckoning was upon us. I leaped from my perch and fell to my hands as I hit the ground. Within seconds, I was up again, racing towards the incoming beast with arms held high, screaming "Stop...stop you son of a bitch!" The twin-engine aircraft roared over my head, past my feeble defense and preceded to dump its 800-gallon load of Dibrom-14 upon the unsuspecting inhabitants of the swamp. I stopped and turned to watch the madness commence. A fallen branch lay by me. With a quick swoop

*Turtle Island* continued p. 8



## Turtle Island from p. 8

and a firm grasp of it, I chased the mechanized flying machine until it had reached the boundary of the marsh. Once there, the spraying stopped. The plane then made a wide arching left turn, back into the designated spraying area towards my locale.

The pilot, Jeff Dontflow, flicked a switch on the cockpit console. The bladder of the plane electronically opened and its poison began to flow freely once again. Within minutes, another hundred thousand or so flying insects were exterminated. Their bodies dropped from the twilight sky in such great numbers that a film of carcasses developed upon the murky water of the morass.

I raced towards the oncoming demon, waving the branch high above my head like a knight from days of yore. As it approached closer I stopped and hurled the limb at it only to find it fall short of its destination. The plane thundered overhead past my position and continued to relieve itself of its burden.

A fine, light mist fell gently to the Earth. The sun's final rays glistened in the droplets like the morning dew on a spider's web. A shower of Diptera immediately followed. The creatures fell...and more fell following them, so that in a very short period of time, their lifeless bodies covered the plastic gear which protected me from the same fate. I wiped them from my garb with gloved hands, then fell to the ground like them in defeat. Again the plane turned and prepared to make another pass. There was nothing I could do.

Somewhere in the bog, a pygmy rattler prepared to top off its day of sunning with a delectable meal. Now a pygmy rattler finds nothing more tasty than a savory mosquito for dinner, but since the rattler is a earth crawler and the mosquito is a skyward-bound flyer, well, it's not often the poor pygmy rattler gets such a fine dish. Such is life in a swamp.

Well that rattler slithered off his bed of moss in search of dinner that day and I tell you she thought she had died and went to snake heaven when she fell upon the smorgasbord of flies lying belly up in the bog. Without a thought she gobbled up as many mosquitoes, and black flies as her little snake belly would allow her. She was the happiest snake in the world.

Unexpectedly, a sharp pain jolted the rattler. To her, it felt like someone had put her tail into an electrical outlet. Sensory signals peaked in the reptile's little brain. At first, its body lengthened straight out like a broom handle, then it coiled back and uncontrollably twisted and turned, rolling along the ground as it did so. The pain was so great that it turned on its own body and began to tear at its own flesh until it died an unmerciful death. A hawk watched with terror from a branch high above, then decided to flee to safer hunting grounds as the remains of the poisoned creature lay motionless on the ground.

The plane was approaching my locale once again. I sat and watched it draw near and prepared myself for another dousing in insecticide. I began to pray to every known God and Goddess for a swift and expedient end to this madness. I called on the power of Gaia, and tried to raise the spirits of Aldo Leopold and Henry David Thoreau. Winds from the northeast began to blow over the mosaic of tree cover, open grasslands and marsh. Plants and animals responded to them as if they were a common occurrence, but I feared I had called on the forces of evil in my endeavor.

Suddenly, from within the reeds and cattails emerged the silhouette of a bipedal figure. It tromped through the

I watched as the northeasterly winds blew the escaping pilot into a large, old red maple. His parachute snagged in the branches some 35 feet above the ground, and there he would hang until help arrive. Early the next morning, the D.E.C. arrived with the County Sheriff and a cherrypicker to find that Jeffery Dontflow had been practically eaten alive by mosquitoes while hanging up in that old tree. Not only had Mother Nature gotten revenge but the D.E.C. was pressing charges against Dontflow for spraying in a restricted zone where the endangered rattlesnake is known to do its thing.

I turned to congratulate Ned on his expert pitching ability but found him nowhere in sight. He had vanished as quickly as he had appeared, and given the situation at hand, thought it best I do the same.



## *Turtle Island from p. 8*

For months following, every T.V. and radio news network covered the Cicero Swamp story. Dontflow was charging that his plane had been shot down by a monkey wrench toting Neanderthal and would probably have to plead not-guilty to charges against him due to reason of insanity. The County Health Commissioner was forced to step down from his position when it was discovered that the military had a cure for the Eastern Equine Encephalitis virus the whole time and that spraying wasn't necessary. The folks in Cicero learned how to co-exist with the mosquitoes and all the other creatures of the swamp or else they moved. And finally, the Eastern Massasaugua Rattlesnake was able to live out its biological existence free from the fear of man when the swamp was given full protection under Wilderness status.

swampy vegetation dragging behind two large objects that were undistinguishable at first.

"Ned," I questioned, "Is that you?"

"Earth First!" bellowed the beast.

I jumped to my feet and ran towards the Neanderthal with open arms.

"Ned, we got to stop 'em!" I said. "They're killing the swamp." I threw my arms around his massive hairy body and hugged the animal in delight.

"No compromise," he grunted at me.

The stench of matted ape hair saturated with swamp juice overcame my senses and my head began to spin. I stepped back and looked at Ned. His dark bottomless eyes peered deep into mine. I swore I could see a green fire burning in his soul.

"What are we gonna do, Ned?" I asked.

With that, his large cranium tilted back and his eyes focused on the approaching plane. He took two steps forward as if to accept the challenge from the intruder. He raised the large wooden club which he held high above his head and released a roar that made every living inhabitant cower in fear. I covered my ears from the blast and watched Ned heave the club at the plane. It struck a direct blow on the left prop and caused the plane to lose momentary control. I watched it rock back and forth and from side to side, but as it passed overhead it regained its stability. Ned quickly heaved the monkey wrench in the same manner and again struck another blow. This time it proved to be fatal to the aircraft. As it began to lose altitude, plundering and stalling as it went, a small figure ejected from the cockpit and parachuted towards Earth.

I watched as the northeasterly winds blew the escaping pilot into a large, old red maple. His parachute snagged in the branches some 35 feet above the ground, and there he would hang until help arrive. Early the next morning, the D.E.C. arrived with the County Sheriff and a cherrypicker to find that Jeffery Dontflow had been practically eaten alive by mosquitoes while hanging up in that old tree. Not only had Mother Nature gotten revenge but the D.E.C. was pressing charges against Dontflow for spraying in a restricted zone where the endangered rattlesnake is known to do its thing.

I turned to congratulate Ned on his expert pitching ability but found him nowhere in sight. He had vanished as quickly as he had appeared, and given the situation at hand, thought it best I do the same.

For months following, every T.V. and radio news network covered the Cicero Swamp story. Dontflow was charging that his plane had been shot down by a monkey wrench toting Neanderthal and would probably have to plead not-guilty to charges against him due to reason of insanity. The County Health Commissioner was forced to step down from his position when it was discovered that the military had a cure for the Eastern Equine Encephalitis virus the whole time and that spraying wasn't necessary. The folks in Cicero learned how to co-exist with the mosquitoes and all the other creatures of the swamp or else they moved. And finally, the Eastern Massasaugua Rattlesnake was able to live out its biological existence free from the fear of man when the swamp was given full protection under Wilderness status.



